Vol. II, No. 1.

The ACADEMY HERALD.



GOULD'S ACADEMY.

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Fashions of the Day

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BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

Dedication.

.....To Our Teachers,

ever mindful of our welfare, and faithful to the best interests of Gould's Academy,

This Issue

Of The Herald

is gratefully dedicated by

The Students.

Editorial Board.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

Florence Emma Carter.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Alys C. Perkins, '98.

Leon V. Walker, '99.

Winona C. Scribner, 1900.

Ruth M. Bean, 1901.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

Robert C. Bisbee, '99,

Harry H. Farwell, 1900.

The Academy Herald.

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The Academy Herald,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

GOULD'S . ACADEMY.

——PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.——

TERMS: 10 CENTS PER COPY.

Printed by the News Publishing Co., Bethel, Me.

Editorials.

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THE HERALD is again brought before the public under new managers. Knowing our incompetence and inexperience, it is with many misgivings that we attempt its publication. But we make bold to hope the same kindness and consideration which was given to our predecessors may be extended to us, and that our readers may be

"To our faults a little blind,
To our virtues ever kind."

AGAIN WE have entered upon another year of school-life, and again we have welcomed new teachers to our midst. Already they have demonstrated their ability to make our school interesting and profitable. They have come with the firm determination of building up our school. Shall we not, one and all, students and citizens, give them our hearty support? With teachers so experienced and capable, Gould's Academy should be filled with students, and the school should enter upon a new era of prosperity.

WHERE COULD A more beautiful place for a school be found than in our peaceful, quiet Bethel, surrounded by mountains which rear their lofty heads as if to bless the smiling valley beneath? With her invigorating mountain air, pure water, and beautiful scenery, surely, Bethel is an ideal spot for such a school as ours; and no mother, be she ever so fastidious, need fear to send her son or daughter here, for the inhabitants are refined, cultivated people, and the influences and associations are of the very best.

THE LARGE CLASS in elocution, under the instruction of Miss Maud Mayo, is doing most excellent work, much to the satisfaction of teachers and students. This is a branch of work that has been sadly neglected, and we are glad to see so much interest manifested. We have sufficient talent to make this one of the most interesting features of our school, and with so gifted a teacher as Miss Mayo, if we try, we will surely be a credit to ourselves and to the school.

THE SUBJECT of education is ever fresh and new, made so by its constant pursuit and by the enlistment in the work of much of the best brain power of the world. Every department of learning from the kindergarten to the university has been, and is still, carefully studied to devise ways and means so that the individual and the community may each receive the greatest good. The aim of education

in its true sense is development. The brain of the student is, so to speak, undeveloped and plastic; and the skill of the teacher determines in no small degree the character of the mould.

A NEW FEATURE of the school this fall is the exercises in calisthenics, which are given twice daily. These exercises are taken by every student who is physically able to take them, and are executed to piano music. The object is to prevent the one-sided development, so common among those who do not take regular and systematic exercise, and to develop and strengthen the unused muscles that they may, when called upon, properly fulfill their natural functions. It is an accepted general truth that a certain amount of physical exercise is necessary to health. Mental and physical development should go hand in hand. The true object of education is to develop a "sound mind in a sound body."

THE ACADEMY BULLETIN BOARD, which was introduced this term, is found to be very interesting and instructive. A committee is appointed each week by the Principal to prepare a daily bulletin, and a few moments each morning are devoted to the discussion of the topics thus brought to the notice of the school. By this means we are led to become interested in current events and are kept in touch with the outside world.

A CLASS FOR THE study of Parliamentary Law has been formed under the direction of Prof. Hanscom. Meetings are held at the close of the afternoon session on Tuesday of each week. No one, knowing the manner in which our class meetings were conducted in previous terms, can deny the need of such a class. We are happy to state, however, that a marked change is already noticeable. The meetings of the class are interesting as well as instructive. We are taught, by actual practice, the laws and principles of parliamentary usage, and the knowledge which they give of the manner in which public and society meetings should be conducted is of inestimable value.

WE WOULD call the attention of the students, and others interested in the success of our school paper, to our advertising columns, and respectfully suggest that they patronize those who have advertised in this publication. The financial success of THE HERALD depends largely upon the liberality of our advertisers, and 'tis but justice that we illustrate the principle of reciprocity, by returning their favors whenever it is possible to do so.

Literary.

WORDS.

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

DO ANY of us fully realize the effect which our words may have on the lives of others? Who has not, sometime in his life, had the whole day glorified and brightened by a kindly word from someone who little knew the joy he gave in that one word, forgotten almost as soon as uttered?

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and who can estimate the sorrow which some of our thoughtless, not malicious, words may cause others? It is not always the malicious words that cause the pain. Swain says,

"More offend by want of thought,
Than by any want of feeling,"

and we can but recognize the truth of his verses.

We cannot all do great things; we may not be able to write a poem which will make our name immortal, nor yet can we perform some brave deed which

will make us famous in the annals of our country; but we all can do a great deal every day towards making the lives of others happy, by our kind and helpful words.

As students of Gould's Academy we have a grand opportunity for doing good in this very way. Let us try to rise above our own selfish interests, and strive to make our lives an inspiration to all around us. In conversation, let us guard against discussing the faults of others; let us talk, rather of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Life is so short, and there are so many helpful, loving things we can say, that, surely, we have no time to utter words which will only wound others, and certainly not help ourselves.

We are here in this school for the purpose of receiving the training that will prepare us to become good and true men and women. Some day we expect to enter upon the duties of some noble profession and do a vast amount of good.

Let us keep ever before us a high ideal; and for the sake of the many lives which will be within the limits of our influence, if for no other reason, let us cultivate the habit of speaking words of kindness, of cheer, and of truth.

Lastly, let us remember that words once spoken can never be recalled, and that their influence may not only "soothe or wound a heart that's broken," but may extend far into the ages yet to be.

"Words are mighty, words are living,
Phantoms with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels floating round us
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word we once have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

F.

WILL IT PAY?

CAN I AFFORD to educate my children beyond the limits of the common school? How many parents are daily confronted by this question, and how many succeed in deluding themselves and wronging their children by deciding in the negative! By all means give the boys and girls a few terms, at least, in the high school or academy. Extend this, when possible, to a regular course, and encourage those who desire it to enjoy the broader culture of the college. Your boys and girls are quick and learn readily. They have the ability to pursue a regular course of study with pleasure and profit, and could graduate with honor. Why not encourage this and make it possible?

You desire to see your children become useful and respected citizens. You make their welfare your highest aim. You may be striving to lay by something with which to give them a start in life. But what financial aid can be so certain to make them prosperous, respected and happy as a good, thorough education? Knowledge is the golden key that unlocks the hidden mysteries of nature, and opens to its possessor a thousand means of enjoyment. It enlarges and develops the higher faculties, and stimulates the mind to nobler thoughts and higher aspirations.

Then send your children to school, and keep them there as long as possible. You will be richly repaid in the expanding intellects and maturing minds of your boys and girls, who will come to realize with thankfulness, in after years, what they owe to their parents, rather than to bemoan the fate that kept them from acquiring an education when an opportunity was open.

H.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

THE people of Bethel have always manifested a deep interest in everything pertaining to educational matters. The town has been able, not only to supply its own schools with native-born teachers, but it has sent out those who have taught schools in nearly every state of our Union. Many heroic young women of Bethel, at the close of the Civil War,

went to the South to devote their lives to the education of the newly freed slaves, at a time, when, to a Southron, at least, the epithet, "nigger schoolmarm," expressed the depths of infamy and degradation.

In going on to the history of Gould's Academy, I hardly know whether to regard this honored institution as a cause or a result; whether to say that, on account of the Academy there is this interest, or that, on account of this interest, Gould's Academy exists to-day.

This, with many other institutions of its kind, had a small beginning. In the year 1835, the first term was held with thirty-five students present, and with Dr. Nathaniel T. True as principal and John P. Davis as assistant. The school grew rapidly; soon there were eighty-five scholars, and, at the end of the second year, the numbers had increased to one hundred and twenty-three. In 1836, the trustees of the school petitioned the Legislature of the State for an act of incorporation as Bethel Academy, which was granted.

In 1842, Rev. Daniel Gould offered to make a bequest to the school on condition that its name be changed to Gould's Academy. The trustees voted to accept his generous offer, and they realized from this gift about eight hundred dollars. Soon after this, Dr. John Grover, then President of the Board of Trustees, gave to the Academy the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars, which he afterwards increased to two hundred, the interest to be expended for chemical apparatus. Both the Grover and the Gould funds are perpetual, the interest only being used. About this time the Academy also received from the State the grant of a half-township of land, which the trustees at once sold and the proceeds were termed the State Fund.

Dr. True, the first principal of the old High School, who left about the time of the erection of the new building, returned to Gould's Academy in 1848 where he remained until 1861. This marks almost a new era in the history of the school. Under his management the school became second to none in the State; the building was always filled, and often students were turned away for lack of room. The class of graduates sent out during this period has not only been an honor to the institution and reflected additional luster upon the name of their much-loved teacher, but some of them have won state and national fame.

In 1881, the school having outgrown the old building, it was torn down and the present convenient and commodious structure was erected. At this time the people of Bethel gave over twelve hundred dollars to complete the building and to aid in furnishing it.

In 1890, there was much serious talk of changing to the High School system; but the trustees, encouraged, perhaps, by an annuity of eight hundred dollars, which was granted by the State for ten years, resolved to make no change.

Of late, indeed, owing to the great increase in the number of free high schools, rather than to any lack of interest on the part of the citizens, the school has decreased in numbers; but, under the present principal, we hope to see it regain its former standing. Departments of music and elocution have been added, and the attendance is already the largest for several terms.

Certainly with such a past, and with so much to encourage us in the present, we have every reason to look to the future with hope. If we, as students, are faithful to our duties, true to ourselves, and loyal to our teachers and our school, we can do much to raise its standard, or, once raised, to hold it there or lift it higher.

Such, in brief, is the history of Gould's Academy. Space forbids mention of those who have gone forth from the institution to win renown not only for themselves and for their Alma Mater, but for the State and Nation as well. Gould's

Academy can count among her alumni representatives to Congress, ex-governors, judges, state superintendents, college professors, eminent divines, authors, historians, physicians, lawyers, and many others who, in a more humble, though none the less honorable way, have reflected credit upon their Alma Mater.

R. C. B., '99.

WANTS.

WANTED,—Everybody interested in Gould's Academy, and educational work in general, to visit the school and carefully note the work that is being done by teachers and students; then, if they can conscientiously do so, let them help to fill the vacant seats by saying a good word for the school whenever and wherever an opportunity offers.

WANTED,—The alumni and alumnæ of Gould's Academy to know that, if each one of them should donate one book to the Academy Library, the empty shelves would all be filled.

WANTED,—Some good friend of the school to bring a Standard Dictionary into the main room and intentionally forget to carry it away.

WANTED,—A Lippincott's Gazeteer of the World to keep the above named dictionary from being lonesome.

WANTED,—Some generous-hearted person to know that our Reference Table is incomplete without Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary.

WANTED,—Santa Claus to know that no more appropriate Christmas gift could be made to Gould's Academy than an up-to-date encyclopedia.

WANTED,—Donations of money or apparatus to aid in more fully equipping the gymnasium.

WANTED,—Somebody to visit the chemical and physical laboratory, and, while there, be attacked with a fit of generosity from which there would be no hope of recovery until they should donate to the school the apparatus needed to keep this department in pace with the rapid strides which science is making at the present time.

——o——

The above represent some of the almost imperative needs of the school. Surely, Gould's Academy has friends who are amply able, and who are sufficiently loyal to the old Institution that they will be glad to help along these lines if they can only be made to realize how much such help will mean to those who are here earnestly seeking to lay a foundation for their life-work.

Who will take the initiatory step by supplying one of the above needs? Rest assured your money cannot be expended in a more deserving way, and you will be richly repaid in the gratitude of present and future students of the dear old Academy you love so well.

We hope to be able to state in our next issue that some of the above needs have been supplied.

JUST A WORD FROM '98.

IT IS WITH with feelings of inexpressible sadness that the class of '98 begins to prepare for the plunge that will sever their connection with dear old G. A., and those who, for four years, have been school-mates and class-mates. Our class, though small, has done good work in the school, as each member has had a definite aim in view, and has worked for it through many discouragements. Indeed, our motto, "Plus ultra," has had a peculiar significance for each and every one of us. We do feel there is "more beyond," the best part of life, in fact, for we all hope to be earnest workers on the battle-field of life.

F. E. C.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge, the wing with which we fly to Heaven. —Shakespeare.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND

—WITH—

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

—BY—

CORNELIA B. FRENCH.

Delivered at Gould's Academy Commencement, Bethel, May 21, 1896.

WHERE THE noble Androscoggin winds and turns and winds again,
Past the meadows wide, and uplands, past the fields of waving grain,
Bordered on its banks by pine trees, maples tall, and noble elms,
On each side the mountains lofty, lifting high their crowned heads;
Here the red man built his wigwam, using skins and bark of trees.
On the banks of Alder river, 'neath the willows gnarled and old,
Have been found the heads of arrows, split and carved from flinty stone,
Showing how the savage people killed both deer and bear of old;
Here the friend of Hiawatha wandered free on hill and plain,
But the chance and change of nature brought to him his cruel fate;
He must turn from Alder river, seek elsewhere the means of life,
For the white man, coming, drove him from the haunts of former times,
Seized the land and built his houses, thinking naught of savage claims.
Then the Indian, Natalluc, left the valley with his tribe,
Wandered far through wood and forest, till he reached the Thousand Isles;
There he settled with his people far from what had been his home.
This has been the fate of nations ever since the dawn of time,
Weakness must give place to power, simple faith to stronger might;
And although there's much injustice in this treatment of a race,
Yet forever more the lower to the higher must give place.
But at length had many white men settled here on hill and plain,
And they wished that their plantation might be made into a town;
But their minds were sorely puzzled as to what should be its name,
Till they thought them of that Jacob, sleeping on his rocky bed,
Who saw, in the midst of darkness, doors of heaven open wide,
And a ladder from the glory reached to earth on which he lay,
While the rounds were filled by angels, moving swiftly up and down,
And that he had named it Bethel, where he saw the vision bright.
Then our fathers said to each one, "This the name is which we choose,
For the beauty of God's goodness lies around on either side."
Thus the former home of Indians had its name changed at this time,
And the little town of Bethel, by the river winding down,
Has been much increased and strengthened, in the years that since have flown;
Round it, still, the hills are keeping guard eternal in their might,
As the arm of God, our Father, keeps his children in the right.
Changing with the change of seasons, showing color rich and rare
In the springtime tender greenness covering naked twigs and bare,
Filling all the air with fragrance from the wild flowers blooming there;
In the autumn radiant glory flung at base and on the brow,
Glowing like the fiery pillar, in the wilderness of old;
In the winter wrapped in snow-flakes, covered with a robe so warm
That the tender little seedlings and the old and gnarled trees,
Safe are kept through winter coldness, to awaken in the spring;
These, the guardians of Bethel, these, the grand, old hills of Maine.
Now the students of our village, prompted by the wish to learn,
Sought to follow the broad pathways leading far and farther on
Up the shining hills of knowledge in the distance growing faint;
And some good men of the village, in the kindness of their hearts,
Built and founded here forever this our grand Academy.
Many years have rain and sunshine fallen since on Bethel Hill,
Many years have men and women taught with patience in these halls,
And their lives were inspirations, to the students in their care.
Many lessons were taught by them which they knew not at the time,
Purity and truth and honor, worth of friendship, patience, prayer,
Lessons far more to be valued than all knowledge found in books.
Scores of pupils, changing often, here have sat and thought and learned;

Noble is the record left us of the lives that these have led.
Many men went forth to battle, fell while fighting for the right,
Others yet are waging ever bloodless battles on God's side.
Men of learning, men of letters, women, good, and pure and true,
Here have lived, and thought, and studied, here were faithful in each deed,
Building up the reputation of a school so good and pure
That the pupils from a distance all have hastened here to learn;
But the flight of time has brought us to these days of ninety-six,
And we pupils fain would equal records which the past holds out.
We are standing at the threshold of our lives, now just begun,
And our eager eyes turn onward to the paths before our feet.
Are they paths of glory, honor, paths of learning and of light,
Or yet paths of meeker service, daily duties in the home?
Are we to be noted people, standing prominent in life,
Earning praises from the masses, caring but for fading fame,
Or are we to be more humble, moving in the sphere of home,
Counting honor by our children, by our friends and by our lives,
If they may be pure and noble, letting other laurels pass?
Can we pupils who have come here, seeking earnestly to learn
All the mysteries which knowledge, past and present, has made known,
Can we now afford to loiter by the wayside in our youth?
Can we now neglect the signal, calling to be up and on?
Will the future answer truly what is said of former times,
That we faithful are to duty, strive forever for the right?
Are we ever adding glory to the annals of our school?
Can we bring a fairer record for the days that are to come?
But our Father Time is moving, bringing changes in his train,
Other pupils here assemble, old ones go, nor come again;
But our school will still go onward, guarded by the hills of Maine,
And we students who have labored here within its walls so long,
Will retain the memory ever of the days at dear old Gould's.

VALEDICTORY.

Trustees, ever kind and thoughtful,
We would thank you, from our hearts,
For the many kind attentions
You have lavished on us here.
You have ever been considerate
Of the welfare of our school,
And have always been most anxious
That we students have the best
Which the State of Maine afforded,
While we labored in your care.
Your reward will come in knowing
That we profited while here,
And our lives have been more noble
For the years we were in school.
Accept now the thanks so earnest
Of the class of '96.

Beloved teachers, who have taught us
In these pleasant months now past,
All the gratitude we owe you,
All the thanks and all the love
Must forever be unspoken;
All words are inadequate;
We can show appreciation
Only by our lives and deeds,
And our work must be to make these
Show the lessons we have learned.
May the God who reigns above us,
Watching over us for aye,
Grant you ever health and pleasure,
Good success and always friends.

School-mates, we have spent together
Pleasant days at dear old Gould's,
And our hearts are full of sorrow
That the parting now has come.
Strangers first we were, but henceforth
Never more can strangers be,
For where'er we meet, the memory
Of these days will come anew.
We would wish you all successes
Here in school and out in life;
And may you add brighter glory
To the name of this, our school.

Now, dear class-mates, comes the parting
Between us who long have been
Working, studying here together,
Fast preparing for this day.
All our lives, our blocks of marble,
Lie before us, still untouched;
In our hands the Master places
All the tools which we should use,
Showing, by His own example,
What we can do, if we choose.
Let us, then, be carving ever
By the ideal He has given,
Following the Master Artist,
Making carvings fit for Heaven.
Class-mates, for the last time have we
Met as students of this school,

Only in our memory can we
All be students here at Gould's.
Now our pathways, all diverging,
Lead us through the untried years;
All must scatter, all must labor,
But, where'er we chance to be,
We shall look with longing, backward
To these school-days while at home.
Other duties lie before us,
Beckoning us to hasten on,
Showing us we must not linger,
But be faithful to the end.
God be with you, guide and guard you,
Keep you till we meet again.

LABORE ET HONORE.
'99.

BEING CALLED upon to say a word in the ACADEMY HERALD, we respond with pleasure.

With this term began our Junior year. How short a time it seems since we were Freshmen, since we entered the school-room for the first time, with fear and trembling! We have passed through many vicissitudes since then, but we have kept bravely on our way until now we see but one class above us. We realize that all too soon shall we be obliged to occupy the positions and assume the duties of Seniors.

We are now old enough to see the necessity of obtaining an education. We are old enough to see, also, of what an education consists. Let us, in school, learn a lesson, not that we may recite well in class, or pass a good examination only, but that we may retain it and carry it with us "out of school-life into life's school."

If we come to a problem in Algebra, a proposition in Geometry, or, in fact, anything that we do not understand, let us give our whole mind and thought to the subject until we find for ourselves a satisfactory explanation. If we study in this way, we shall not only learn the facts better, but we shall also broaden our minds, and render them capable of grappling with more difficult problems. God has endowed us with grand capabilities and grand possibilities. Let us, therefore, study, remembering the foregoing principles, and bearing in mind that, by following these principles only, can a *true* education be obtained; let us study, remembering that, if we fail, we are false to ourselves and traitorous to our Creator.

We have now reached a position in school-life where the effect of our example will manifest itself in the conduct of those who fill the places recently occupied by us. Every act of ours will have its influence upon those in lower classes, and will extend in ever-widening circles out over the sea of life. As one of the poets has so beautifully expressed it:

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind forevermore.
The smallest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearings carefully where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather. One mistake
may wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

Aye, we should be wary, lest by our example, others may be led to idleness, lest, by any act of ours, others may be led to do wrong. Rather let our lives be such that our associates may be made better, that they may be lifted up "to a purer air and a broader view." Let not the hope of personal aggrandizement entice us to do any unfair deed, but let us ever be true to our motto, and whatsoever we accomplish, let it be "by labor and honor."

L. V. W.

SCHOOL LIFE.

WHEN THE BRIGHT autumn comes, the school houses all over our land, are again filled, and work is begun with renewed vigor after the long summer vacation. It seems to the boys and girls as they breathe the exhilarating air, that autumn is the pleasantest season of all the year; and while they are glad to renew pleasant school associations, there is also a feeling of regret that the bright, happy vacation is ended.

With the routine of school life, that constant climbing, without which little is

accomplished, is also resumed. The hard lessons each day seem more difficult, but the sooner they are learned the less trouble they will cause for us and for our teachers. Sometimes the work is just a little more than some unfortunate student thinks he can master. Then his trouble begins in earnest; for if he *thinks* he cannot get his lessons, he has not only his tasks but his own prejudice to conquer. He is no longer master of the situation, but the situation has become master of him. His blunders are innumerable. He cannot tell just why, but all that day everything goes wrong, and nobody sympathizes with him in his difficulties.

The next morning he arises with a firm resolve to prepare for the tests so carefully that he will get first in everything; but to his dismay he remembers that his composition must be ready the following day, and to put it off longer is out of the question. He sits down to write with his thoughts roaming everywhere except upon the subject under consideration. He wonders if the test in Latin will be hard, and if he will have time to play ball at night after school. He sits so long with the blank paper before him that he believes that his mind, too, is a blank. The composition is at last begun, but it is not finished that day; when he does complete this creation of his mind, it seems to him that his poor brain has been worked to its utmost ability.

The pleasure (?) of writing compositions is equalled only by that of declaiming before the school Friday afternoons. He feels sure that if he does not have his selection particularly well prepared the minister will be present and perhaps others before whom he wishes to appear at his best. If he thinks much of this it is a source of trouble to him. But the anticipation is worse than the reality; for when the time comes for him to mount the platform, it does not seem so hard, after all.

Notwithstanding hard lessons, speaking, blunders, and compositions, there are many pleasures in school-life. The troubles are soon forgotten, and the youthful mind naturally turns to thoughts of pleasure. Play is always most enjoyed when it follows irksome duty. For pure enjoyment, most healthy boys, and girls, also, like boisterous sports best. Of course all young people like anything that is play, but, if they become interested in their work, that, too, becomes pleasure. There is satisfaction in the progress that always results from patient, persevering effort.

Then there is the pleasure of looking forward to vacation, which is enjoyed almost as much in anticipation as in reality. Pleasant day-dreams are more frequent visitors in school-days than at any other time in life—the child thinks of nothing seriously, wonders at all things; the youth lives in vain hopes and fond dreams. Most of us live half in expectation, and often this is the happiest part of our lives. Just as distance adds to the beauty of the lofty mountains and lends them a charm the nearer landscape does not possess for us, so in our day-dreams, the future seems brighter than the present. Yet he who would live the future well must so improve the present that he may have no occasion to regret wasted moments and lost opportunities.

School days will soon be ended, but if they are spent to the best advantage there will be little to regret when they are gone. Though the duties of school-life be many, we shall find duties even more numerous as we go forth from school into the world. "Duty is omnipresent like the Deity."

In school, there should be perfect harmony. Here, cheerfulness and good-will should predominate. There are other lessons to learn besides those learned from books, lessons of self-control, of industry, of manliness and womanliness, and above all, of charity. One thing that distinguishes civilization from barbarism is the charity of the former. He who knows the the meaning of charity in the fullest and

broadest sense is well educated.

"By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to God and what to man we owe."

M. V. S., '98.

A MITE FROM 1900.

WE HAVE entered upon another year of school-life, a year which brings with it many changes. Some of the old students have fallen from the ranks since a year ago, and their places are filled by students new to the class and to the school.

For the first time we have a class organization. The following are the officers: President, Harry H. Farwell; Vice-President, Barbara Carter; Secretary and Treasurer, Mildred Stanton; class colors, nile green and white; class motto, "Non scholæ sed vitæ discimus"—we learn, not for school, but for life.

We are glad to note the increased attendance at the Academy the present term, and the unusual interest and enthusiasm manifested by the various classes. We, as students, have much to do in determining the standing which our school shall take among the academies of Maine. Let us in all our work strive to keep in view, not simply our individual interests and the interests of our class, but the reputation and standing of the Academy so dear to us all.

W. C. S.

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stand may be in society; I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts; despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.

—E. H. Chapin.

WANTED,—Phaeton to take the chariot of the sun and to drive around the New England States telling the population that on the seventh of December, eighteen hundred and ninety seven, the winter term begins at Gould's Academy.

A SYMPOSIUM ON ATHLETICS.

IT IS A great day in Athens. Bright-faced "Old Sol," focusing his Klondike-gold-plated opera glasses, looks down from a cloudless sky upon a park, near the city, where are gathered the beauty and the chivalry of the classic town.

It is the Olympic Festival, where to be proclaimed victor before the assembled multitude, in such games as wrestling, boxing, jumping, foot-races, chariot-races, etc., was considered the greatest honor to be obtained.

The *only prize was a garland of wild olive.*

On the lofty grand-stand, the faces of Ares, Hephestus, Artemis, Venus, and Ceres are seen; and in their midst, surrounded by her youthful band, gravely sits Minerva, Superintendent of Schools of the Realm. Near by, are the venerable philosophers and statesmen, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Pericles. Just opposite this great concourse, the judges, Sophocles, Thesus, and Minos, are mounting the steps of their Eiffel tower; while the martial strains of Appollo's full brass band render the world-famous Lohengrin(d) march.

Demosthenes, having marked a "continued in our next" on his manuscript—De Corona—comes leisurely upon the scene. Homer—*odd to say*—stands up against an electric light post, cogitatively chewing the stub end of his versatile stylus.

Xenophon *exelouneis siathmous duo parasangas*, in order that he may rest his fiery steeds on a commanding eminence.

Vesta, having stowed the breakfast dishes, unwashed, into a cupboard, throws her apron over her head and joins Juno and Pallas Athænæ, who, hand in hand, come romping through the gate attended by youthful Cupid, who tosses a kiss in lieu of tickets to Mercury, sitting, with folded wings, on the top of the gate post.

The bird of Jove wheels in sublime circles over the expectant multitude, and Sol remarks to his silvery wife, Luna, that the game is about to be called.

Jupiter orders a broadside from the artillery of Heaven, and at once ten

thousand Hoplites troop into the central field of the kite-shaped cinder track and engage in hand-to-hand encounter with their short swords.

Xenophon applauds. Scarcely has the assembled throng turned fully upon this, when Jupiter, thrusting the lightning-hot tip of his spear into the cool, placid waters of the Mediterranean, sends off with a mighty hiss the fleet-limbed Greek runners.

Away they speed; nor do they slacken pace until, having covered full ten miles, the two strongest contend in the final spurt for the *laurel wreath.*

No sooner has the victor won, than huzzas fill the air everywhere; and the attendants bear the heroes to a shady nook where they can presently see THE EVENT of the day, viz: the giant effort of Discobulus.

Against all competitors he is believed to be easily champion; nevertheless, there are several entries, and as the contest opens *the people* are *swarming the place.*

Each contestant has his supporters; and, as often happens in connection with such events, *the possibilities of each one's favorite* were warmly discussed.

The youth appears, modestly treading his way through the throng; he takes his stand, and, while waiting for his fellows, measures the field with his clear, keen eye.

See him there! Not an ounce of undeveloped tissue; a model of symmetry; the *perfect type* of a man! A moment tells the story of his power, and the *laurel* is reward enough for him.

The events close with an obstacle race for the Temple Cup; where Atlas, laden with the World, easily out-paces Hercules, bearing on his shoulders, in the 440 yard spurt, a mammoth Aroostook potato.

Such is the attested record of Thucydides, the ancient Greek Secretary of the International Amalgamated Athletic League of the World.

(Signed,) B. C. 500.

—o—

"Books, however," says Macauley, "were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen."

The language, the refinement, the culture, the power of Greece bear testimony that theirs was an education derived from the components, art, sculpture, oratory. principles of statesmenship, bravery, courage, set off by perfect health.

—o—

There are bright possibilities on the horizon for the athletic interests of Gould's Academy, that should not be neglected. We have the beginnings of a first-class gymnasium. Young men are now here who *can* and *will* do us great credit in foot ball, track athletics, and gymnasium practice events, when the proper measures are taken for the training.

I am aware that much is said and written against foot-ball; yet I believe that if the truth be known, President Eliot stopped the Harvards from playing, a few years since, simply because the games of foot-ball had, with them and their class, become a twenty-two round slugging match and less severe mandates fell upon them unheeded.

Few, indeed, are the games that give exercise to the entire body as perfectly as does the game of foot-ball. And, played as foot-ball *always may be* played when divested of all that savors of prize rings, *there is no reason why any young man will not be greatly benefitted from participating in the time-honored pastime.*

But we cannot "*line up*" a very *formidable* eleven, so long as we permit a fog of inertia to enshroud us.

ANON.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly, and take care you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature.

Marcus Antoninus.

If you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counselor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.

—Addison.

THE CLASS OF 1901.

AS THIS IS our first term at Gould's Academy, we presume the readers of the HERALD will be glad to learn something about us, what we are now doing, and what we purpose to accomplish during the next four years.

Ours is the largest class in school, containing, at the present time, twenty-nine members, sixteen of whom have entered upon the classical course. Aside from our regular work, Algebra, Arithmemetic, English, and Latin or Physical Geography, quite a number of the class are taking lessons in elocution, and several have joined the class in Parliamentary Law. We also have opportunity to learn something of music, drawing, and penmanship.

There is certainly no reason why we should not do excellent work during the next four years, for our teachers do their utmost to make every lesson interesting, and we have everything to make school-life pleasant. We are at the foot of the ladder, to be sure, and we realize the many hard lessons that lie before us; but we need grapple with only one at a time, and, if that is thoroughly mastered, the succeeding lesson will seem less difficult.

We have selected for our motto, "Row, not drift," and if we are true to the principle which it teaches, we shall be able, four years hence, to add another to the many classes which have already done credit to Gould's Academy. Ours is the banner class in numbers; let us strive to make it, also, the banner class in everything that is creditable and praiseworthy. By so doing, we shall gain the respect and approbation of our teachers, win a reputation for our class, and do our part in sustaining the reputation of our school.

R. M. B.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

—Theodore Parker.

School Notes.

Those "Alpine echoes," that come winding down the stairs from the gymnasium, are set in motion by Miss Mayo's class in elocution.

—Messrs. Leon Walker and George French, Misses Florence and Barbara Carter, students at the Academy, sang in the Bethel Chorus at the Maine Music Festival, Portland.

—We regret that some of the "snap-shots," taken the day of the school-walk, cannot be re-produced in this issue of THE HERALD. They would be interesting, to say the least.

—Foot-ball seems to be the chief outdoor exercise of the boys at the present time, and during these beautiful autumn days, who can blame them? What are black eyes, broken noses, and bruised limbs, when compared with the honor of kicking a goal or making a touch-down?

—The students of G. A. held their first social of the year in the gymnasium, or "sky-parlor," as it is called, on Friday evening of the fifth week of the term. A few of the graduates and former students were invited, and helped to make the evening more pleasant. The committee, Misses Kelliher and Carter, Messrs. French and Walker, prepared a program of lively games in which every one took an active part, thus greatly aiding the committee, who wish to express their sincere thanks.

—An entertainment will be given by the students in Odeon Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 19th, consisting of music, declamations, original essays, tableaux, gymnastic drills, pantomimes, etc. Nearly all the parts are selected from the regular school work, and, as illustrating the work that is being done along these lines, the entertainment should be of special interest to all who are interested in the progress of the school. Proceeds of entertainment to be expended for papers and magazines for the Reading Room. Come and listen

to a good entertainment, and at the same time contribute your mite to a good cause.

—We are pleased to note the increased attendance the present term, and we see no reason why the attendance should not continue to increase so long as the present teachers remain in charge. The following students are attending the Academy for the first time:

George H. Blake,
Leon V. Walker,
Merritt B. Gay,
Mildred E. Stanton,
Blanche Bartlett,
Alice M. Capen,
Lulu M. Bryant,
Maud H. Chute,
Margaret M. Cummings,
Archie G. Cushman,
Henrietta Douglass,
Ethel M. Farwell,
Ormando B. Farwell,
Minnie M. Godwin,
Wallace O. Goodwin,
Loren Glines,
Edwin L. Harvey,
Harry M. Hobson,
Addie L. Horr,
Belle E. Purington,
Lizzie M. Parker,
Arthur Richardson,
Cleo A. Russell,
George Ryerson,
Ethel Sanborn,
Robert Sanborn,
Adelmar J. Stearns,
Maud A. Swan.

SCHOOL WALK.

Oct. 26th was one of those delightful autumn days, when summer seems to have returned to take a last look before departing on her annual pilgrimage;—one of those days when students are inclined to get restless and teachers to get discouraged.

During the forenoon recess, some "idle thinker" softly murmured—to himself, of course,—"A fine day for a school walk," and his nearest neighbor took it up and passed it along until the idea was uppermost in every mind.

At noontime, a petition for a school walk was written and signed by the students. This was placed on Mr. Hanscom's desk, and we eagerly awaited the result. Hope died, however, when the classes for the first period were rung up and nothing was said. Imagine our surprise and pleasure, when, at the end of the first period, we were told that we could have the remainder of the afternoon for the much desired walk.

Where to go was the next question, and after some discussion, it was decided to visit the old, yet ever new, Sunset Ledge—a spot immortalized by Lucy Larcom in her poem, "The Ledge;" so away we went, teachers, students and foot ball. Alas, poor foot ball, it came not back.

It is needless for me to describe the the walk; you, who have been on school walks, know all about it; you, who have not, cannot imagine how enjoyable sixty young men and women are able to make such an event. College songs were sung, and stump speeches—that were *stump* speeches in every sense of the word—were made. The "camera fiends" were there, and woe to him who was caught off his guard!

Half-past-five saw the stragglers once more at the Academy, tired and hungry, but very happy after a most delightful afternoon.

F. C.

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

—H. W. Longfellow.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men. —Beattie.

Quotations Applied.

Superior Gods.

Senior Class.

Slow but sure.

Guy Davis.

While we live, let us live.

Students of G. A.

Be what you seem to be.

Belle Purington.

A maid of honor.

Maud Thurston.

The only pebble on the beach.

George Ryerson.

Just a plain American girl.

Mabel Shaw.

He loves not wisely but too well.

Loren Glines.

Here's a man that never did a wrong to anyone.

Porter Swan.

His locks uncombed like a rough wood appear.

Ormando Farwell.

So stately her bearing.

Ruby Smith.

There is none like her, none.

Edith Abbott.

There is little of the melancholy about her.

Ethel Morse.

I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin.

Daisy Dixon.

A manner so plain, grave, unaffected and sincere.

Leon Walker.

Who does his best, does well.

Charles Holmes.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

George French.

Her heart is light from morn till night.

Florence Carter.

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate.

English Literature Class.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Virgil Class.

Only to love and be loved again.

Beatrice Kelliher.

Out, out, brief candle, 'tis ten o'clock, and all's well.

Young men under ten o'clock rule.

'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

Lulu Bryant.

A bright, little, comely girl, with large, dark eyes.

Lizzie Parker.

Not to be laughed at and scorned because small of stature.

Edwin Harvey.

A man among men, not a humbug among humbugs.

Gerry Brooks.

He is a king—a true, right king,
Who dares do aught save wrong.

Mr. Hanscom.

Charms strike the sight, but merit (Merritt) wins the soul.

Merritt Gay.

I have heard of the lady, and good words always go with her name.

Vivian Kelliher,

From the mountains I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire.

Adelmar Stearns.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally.

Sara Chapman.

She is a queen of noble nature's crowning,
A smile of hers is like an act of grace.

Winona Scribner.

What is man, if his chief good and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed?

Harry Hobson.

You would swear he was born in the thick air of Bœotia.

Arthur Richardson.

His modest, bashful nature and true innocence make him silent.

Wallace Goodwin.

Heaven bless thee! Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.

Mildred Stanton.

O, boy, whate'er thou deignest to ask, we'll
humbly do right soon,
The earth is plainly thine alone, together
with the moon.

Harry Farwell.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, ye men of wit
Will condescend to take bit.

Young Men of G. A.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves, somewhere,
A record."

WE ARE constantly and gradually being influenced by those around us, and we, in turn, are influencing others. No person occupies so humble a position in life that his influence is not felt somewhere; no one, so exalted a position that his life is not controlled and moulded, in a measure, by the words or acts of those with whom he associates.

The fundamental purpose of life is improvement. We enter this world undeveloped in mind and body; but being endowed with desires and capabilities for growth and development, and supplied with various facilities for accomplishing the same, we are expected to grow and improve. If we had no other object in view, or no higher motive to actuate us other than the promotion and furtherance of our own interests, we should still be held accountable for the use or abuse of our powers and privileges.

But should our efforts for improvement terminate with such selfish motives? Should not a nobler purpose prompt us in our actions? Is not each one his brother's keeper, and, in a measure, at least, responsible for his character, if in any way he could have helped to mould it?

The most potent factor in shaping another's life is personal influence. We exert this influence in various ways, chiefly, perhaps, by our example. Conversation, also, claims a large share of the influence which we exert over others. A single word spoken at the right place and at the right time, may change the entire current of a life.

We are not, however, always conscious of the influence we exert. This fact emphasizes the importance of carefully guarding our every word and action. Like the leaven in the measure of meal, it is often the silent force, the unconscious influence, that effects the greatest change.

Truly, "there are no little things in this solemn business of living." Our every word and action has its own peculiar influence, and for that influence we must, sooner or later, give an account. With what earnestness and with what concern should we strive to live, that the impressions made by us upon the minds and hearts of our fellow-beings, and which they, in turn, transmit to coming generations, shall be of such character that we may give that account with joy!

E. M., '98.

Mottoes Given at Morning Exercises.

Order is Heaven's first law.

—Pope.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

—Garfield.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

—Michael Angelo.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.

—Emerson.

Duty and to-day are ours; results and futurity belong to God.

—Horace Greeley.

Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company, and reflection finish him.

—Locke.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—Lowell.

Land mortgaged may return, and more esteemed;
But honesty, once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.

—Thomas Middleton.

Personals.

Mark Allen is in Boston.

Robert Foster is in Bowdoin.

Fred Merrill, '96, is in Bowdoin.

Howard Wiley, '95, is in Boston.

Carrie Hastings, '93, is in Bates College.

Ethel Richardson, '97, is teaching at Milton.

Agnes Kimball, '93, is in Berlin, N. H., teaching.

Eva Twaddle is in Farmington Normal School.

George Merrow, '96, is teaching at Swan's Corner.

Edwin Gehring, '94, is in Boston School of Technology.

Norman Gehring, '96, is in Bowdoin Medical School.

Herbert Rowe, '94, is in his father's store at Bethel.

Arthur Wiley, '91, is Principal of the Norway High School.

We learn that George Wight, '94, has recently been married.

Archer Grover, '94, is President of his class at the University of Maine.

Miss Clara D. Merriman, a former teacher at G. A., is now teaching in the Berlin High School.

Cora Farwell, a member of the Senior Class is teaching at Middle Intervale. She will return to G. A. next term.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

—Bacon.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the hoary hands of toil.

—J. R. Lowell.

Exchanges.

A large number of our exchanges are conspicuous by their absence. We have received, as yet, only a few; but we shall, undoubtedly, get many more, later in the term.

The Bowdoin Orient is too well known to require comment. It's name is synonymous with excellence.

We are very glad to have *The Chronicle* from the South Paris High School, an exceedingly well edited publication. In it is an instructive article concerning electricity.

We are especially impressed by an article in *The Stranger*, from Bridgton Academy, entitled, "Foot-ball as an Index to Personal Character." This article shows keen observation as well as originality of thought and expression.

The High School *Breccia*, Deering, Maine, contains several commendable articles.

The Wreath has come to us from Wilton Academy, Wilton, Maine. This is one of our best exchanges.

Among our exchanges is the *Good Will Record*. The diversity of subjects treated in this paper render it very interesting.

We have received, also, *The Phillipian*, an excellent paper, from the Phillips High School.

We would be glad to see *The Bates Student*, Lewiston, Me.; *The Kents Hill Breeze*, Kents Hill, Me.; *The Racquet*, Portland High School, Portland, Me.; *The Tripod*, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.; *Hebron Semester*, Hebron, Me.; *The Tatler*, Newcastle, Me.; *The Echo*, South Portland, Maine.; *The Ariel*, Bucksport, Me.; *The Academy Bell*, Fryeburg, Me.; *The Oracle*, Bangor, Me.; *The Cadet*, Orono, Me.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—A. A. Procter.

General Statistics of the Class of '98, Gould's Academy.

NAME.	KNOWN AS	AGE.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	SIZE OF SHOE.	FAVORITE DISH.	DISPOSITION.
Abbott, Edith.	Ede.	17.	125.	5.6.	5.	Pickles.	Indifferent.
Brooks, Gerry.	Gerry.	19.	170.	5.10.	7.	Corn-balls.	Affectionate.
Carter, Florence.	Floss.	17.	117.	5.4.	4½.	Mock-bisque.	Up-and-coming.
French, George.	Frenchie.	16.	162.	5.10¾.	8.	"Water millions."	Moderate.
Morse, Ethel.	Mossy.	17.	135.	5.4.	5.	Chocolate.	Peaceful.
Perkins, Alys.	Perk.	17.	120.	5.4.	4.	Salted almonds.	Spicy.
Shaw, Mabel.	O, Shaw.	18.	128.	5.2.	4.	Apple-pie.	Unmentionable.
Smith, Ruby.	Rhubarb.	15.	126.	5.7.	5.	Lemon butter.	Sweet.

NAME.	BY-WORD.	FORTE.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	COMPLEXION.	FAVORITE SONG.
Abbott, Edith.	Great Scott.	Climbing cherry-trees.	Picking grapes.	Nut brown.	Dream Faces.
Brooks, Gerry.	Great guns and little fishes.	Foot-ball.	Musician.	Dappled.	My Girl's a High-born Lady.
Carter, Florence.	Mostly.	Tennis.	Surgeon.	Dark, but not too shady.	Won't You tell Me Why, Robin?
French, George.	Confound it.	Hunting.	Photographer.	Approaching that of the Indian.	Good Night Ladies.
Morse, Ethel.	O, goodness.	Telling stories.	A lady of ease.	Pink and white.	Forsaken.
Perkins, Alys.	O, I don't know.	Writing compositions.	Husband hunting.	Light.	I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.
Shaw, Mabel.	O, dear.	Geometry.	Farming.	Indescribable.	Last Night.
Smith. Ruby.	Great Cæsar.	Eating apples.	Minister.	Transparent.	In the Sweet By-and-by.

Schedule of Studies,

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Fourth Class.

Classical Course.	Academic Course.
FALL TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Physical Geography.
Algebra.	Algebra.
English.	English.
Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.
WINTER TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Physical Geography.
Algebra.	Algebra.
English.	English.
Arithmetic.	Arithmetic.
SPRING TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or American History.
Algebra.	Algebra.
English.	English.

English Literature one hour per week through the year in Classical Course.

Third Class.

Classical Course.	Academic Course.
FALL TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Book-Keeping.
Algebra.	Algebra.
Greek or French.	Rhetoric or French.
Rhetoric.	
WINTER TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Physiology.
Algebra.	Algebra.
Greek or French.	Rhetoric or French.
Rhetoric.	
SPRING TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Zoology.
Roman History.	Roman History.
Greek or French.	Business Arithmetic or French.

English Literature one hour per week through the year in Classical Course.

Junior Class.

Classical Course.	Academic Course.
FALL TERM.	
*Latin.	*Latin or Physics.
Greek or French.	Chemistry, French or German.
Geometry,	Geometry.
WINTER TERM.	
*Latin.	*Latin or Physics.
†Greek or French.	Chemistry, French or German.
Geometry.	Geometry.
SPRING TERM.	
*Latin.	*Latin or Astronomy.
†Greek or French.	Civics, French or German.
Geometry.	Geometry.

English Literature one hour per week through the year in Classical Course.

*Latin Composition once a week through the year. †Greek Composition once a week.

Senior Class.

Classical Course.	Academic Course.
FALL TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or English Literature.
Greek or French.	Psychology, French or German.
Grecian History.	Grecian History.
WINTER TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or English Literature.
Greek or French.	English History, French or German.
Review Mathematics.	Review Mathematics.
SPRING TERM.	
Latin.	Latin or Solid Geometry.
Greek or French.	Geology or French.
Reviews.	Botany.

English Literature once a week through the year in Classical Course.



Gould's Academy,

Bethel, Maine.

Location beautiful and healthful.

TWO COURSES OF STUDY:

A thorough preparation for college,

—or—

A substantial academic education.

DEPARTMENTS

of music and elocution recently added.

Expenses Low, *Instruction thorough.*

Winter term opens Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1897

For catalogue or particulars address the PRINCIPAL.

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Instrumental Music.

Gould's Academy

Students,

FALL TERM, 1897.

Senior Class, '98.

Class Colors, Cerise, white, and green.
Class motto, *Plus ultra.*

OFFICERS.

FLORENCE CARTER, President.
ETHEL MORSE, Vice-President.
GERRY BROOKS, Secretary.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Abbott, Edith,	Bethel, Me.
Brooks, Gerry,	Upton, "
Carter, Florence,	Bethel, "
Farwell, Cora,	" "
French, George,	" "
Morse, Ethel,	" "
Perkins, Alys,	" "
Shaw, Mabel,	" "
Smith, Ruby,	" "

Junior Class, '99.

Class colors, Green and white.
Class motto, *Labore et honore.*

OFFICERS.

ROBERT BISBEE, President.
GEORGE BLAKE, Vice-President.
SARA CHAPMAN, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Vivian Kelliher, Maud Thurston,
Leon Walker.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
Bisbee, Robert,	Bethel, Me.
Blake, George,	Oxford, "
Chapman, Sara,	Bethel, "
Cross, Fannie,	" "
Dixon, Daisy,	" "
Holmes, Charles,	" "
Kelliher, Beatrice,	" "
Kelliher, Vivian,	" "
Thurston, Maud,	" "
Walker, Leon,	Oxford, "

Sophomore Class 1900.

Class colors, Violet and white.
Class motto, *Non scholæ sed vitæ discimus.*

OFFICERS.

HARRY FARWELL, President.
BARBARA CARTER, Vice-President.
MILDRED STANTON, Secretary.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
Carter, Barbara,	Bethel, Me.
Davis, Guy,	" "
Farwell, Harry,	Boston, Mass.
Farwell, Sara,	Bethel, Me.
Gay, Merritt,	Casco, "
Scribner, Winona,	Bethel, "
Stanton, Mildred,	Mechanic Falls, "
Swan, Porter,	Bethel, "

Freshman Class, 1901.

Class colors, Pink and green.
Class motto, *Remiga non fluita*

OFFICERS.

HARRY HOBSON, President.
GEORGE RYERSON, Vice-President.
HENRIETTA DOUGLAS, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Edwin Harvey, Cleo Russell,
Maud Chute.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Bartlett, Winona,	Bethel, Me.
Bean, Ruth,	" "
Bryant, Lulu,	" "
Capen, Alice,	" "
Chute, Maud,	" "
Cummings, Margaret,	" "
Cushman, Archie,	South Bethel, "
Douglas, Henrietta,	Bethel, "
Farwell, Ethel,	" "
Farwell, Ormando,	East Bethel, "
Godwin, Minnie,	Bethel, "
Goodwin, Wallace,	South Bethel, "
Glines, Loren,	Bethel, "
Hamilton, Paul,	" "
Hamlin, Joseph,	Milton, "
Harvey, Edwin,	Gorham, N. H.
Hobson, Harry,	Hastings, Me.
Horr, Addie,	Bethel, "
Purington, Belle,	" "
Parker, Lizzie,	" "
Richardson, Arthur,	" "
Russell, Cleo,	" "
Ryerson, George,	" "
Sanborn, Clara,	" "
Sanborn, Ethel,	" "
Sanborn, Robert,	" "
Stearns, Adelmar,	West Bethel, "
Swan, Maud,	Bethel, "
Virgin, Susie,	South Bethel, "

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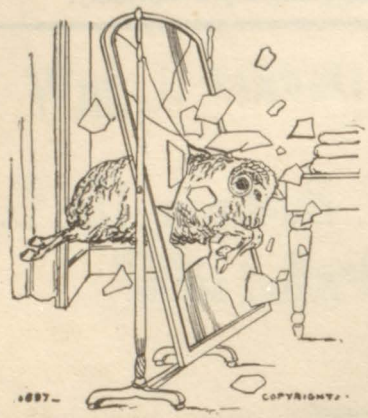
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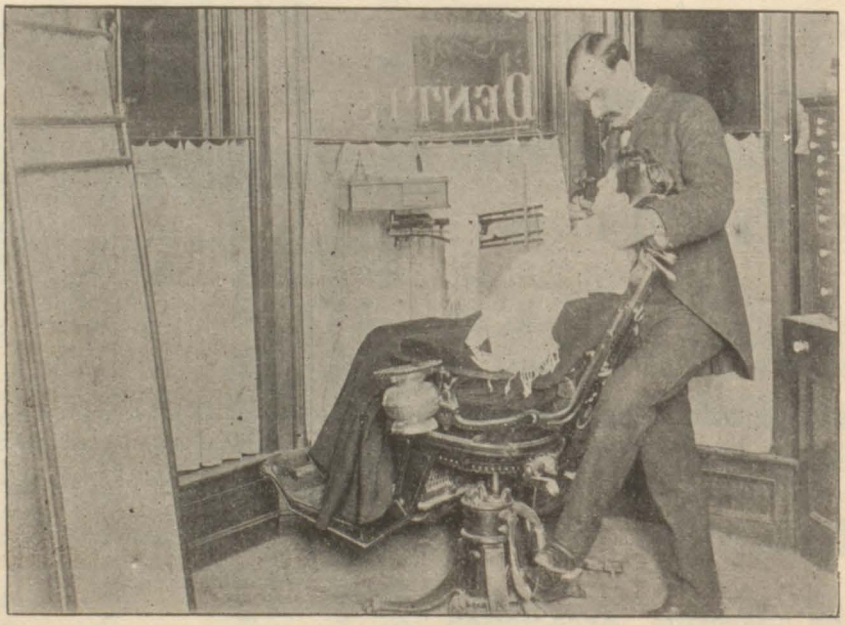
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